



HYMNS

DIES IRAE — DAY OF WRATH

Attributed to Thomas of Celano, 13th century

The sequence of the traditional Requiem Mass: the Last Judgement



LATIN

Dies irae, dies illa,
solvat saeculum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando iudex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
cum resurget creatura,
iudicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit:
nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix iustus sit securus?

ENGLISH

Day of wrath, that day
will dissolve the world in ashes,
as David and the Sibyl bear witness.

How great a trembling there will be
when the Judge shall come
to weigh all things strictly!

The trumpet, scattering a wondrous sound
through the tombs of every land,
will summon all before the throne.

Death and nature will stand amazed
when creation rises again
to answer to its Judge.

The written book will be brought forth,
in which all is contained,
from which the world shall be judged.

When therefore the Judge is seated,
whatever is hidden will appear:
nothing will remain unpunished.

What shall I, wretched one, say then?
What patron shall I entreat,
when even the just are scarcely safe?

Rex tremendae maiestatis,
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Iesu pie,
quod sum causa tuae viae:
ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus:
redemisti crucem passus:
tantus labor non sit cassus.

Iuste iudex ultionis,
donum fac remissionis
ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tamquam reus:
culpa rubet vultus meus:
supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
et latronem exaudisti,
mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae:
sed tu bonus fac benigne,
ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta,
et ab haedis me sequestra,
statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
flammis acribus addictis:
voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
cor contritum quasi cinis:
gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
qua resurget ex favilla
iudicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus:

King of fearful majesty,
who freely savest those who are saved,
save me, fount of mercy.

Remember, merciful Jesus,
that I am the cause of thy journey:
do not lose me on that day.

Seeking me, thou didst sit down weary;
thou didst redeem me, suffering the Cross:
let not so great a labour be in vain.

Just Judge of retribution,
grant me the gift of pardon
before the day of reckoning.

I groan as one guilty;
my face blushes for my fault:
spare thy suppliant, O God.

Thou who didst absolve Mary
and didst hear the thief
hast given hope to me as well.

My prayers are not worthy,
but thou, who art good, deal kindly,
lest I burn in everlasting fire.

Grant me a place among the sheep,
and set me apart from the goats,
placing me at thy right hand.

When the accursed are confounded
and given over to the bitter flames,
call me with the blessed.

I pray, kneeling and bowed down,
my heart crushed as if to ashes:
take thou care of my end.

Tearful will be that day
on which, from the ashes, shall rise
guilty man to be judged.
Spare him, therefore, O God.



Pie Iesu Domine,
dona eis requiem. Amen.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest. Amen.

